

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

From the Women's Side.

May 29, 1915.
O let me write a little, I pray,
Just a little, and while I stay,
I shall have written to you in
After today, 'till I see you again,
No hand will lift up the coffee-
Or the silence I shall step in.

In Portsmouth Harbor the good ship rides,
Rocked safely upon the placid tides,
As I look in a happy, contented mood,
Moving with each emotion,
With voice and hands all at once,
And to-morrow, perhaps for evermore,
I shall look down from a desolate shore
Upon an empty cabin.

O love, my love and my saint,
My knight of the white shield, without stain,
The woman who has been and is,
Through life's ups and downs, fair and foul,
I see the rocks under swirling seas,
I hear a lullaby in every breeze,
I feel the love as they dream
In the depths where only can I see.

O love, my love, no leave, no no,
Strong arm, pure heart, and silent tongue!
O lonely years that stretch out so long!
The cry, as of old, for love and song,
And my soul sits down before the dawn,
As a white ghost sits in the dawn,
No moon, no stars, no tears, no gloom,
Only a silent prayer.

Be of good cheer, sail on, sail on,
Tide life or death; for both are one,
To the infinite faith in sweet days gone,
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These griefs are mine, I know, I know,
And my heart is strong and true and true;
And whether thou goest I will go,
In my heart that upholds thee.

Sail on, sail on, through the frozen seas,
To endless labor, for both are one,
Come back triumphant, if Heaven so please,
Or with a broken heart and a broken bow,
Only come back—no, should God please,
That I have loved thee, that I have loved thee,
And we are yet victorious.
—Harper's Weekly.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

On a December evening in the year 1870 a train, entering the depot with much noise and bustle, ejected Gottlieb Bram into the waiting street.

There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance. He was small and insignificant in appearance, with an expression of patient suffering, and one arm of those quiet natures capable of bravery, also capable of fighting in the last trench, as he had done in the war, which had ended, crippled, and made him a pensioner.

When he asked him where the arm was lost, he would have replied with military brevity, "Gettysburg." Or did you inquire as to the cause of an ugly scar on his forehead, he would have replied in the high, ringing quick movements of his hands, "Seven Oaks" and "Shenandoah."

He had, indeed, been a hero for a brief moment; he had fought death in the ranks and had not found it, but hope had died within him long before, when his little daughter Gretchen was swept away by the fever; a lonely, quiet man, of whom war had made a hero, and who left alive. Humble as he was, Gottlieb still cherished ambition; in summer he was a peddler back among the hills; in winter he peddled his wares in the city.

He was in the city streets, going about him blankly, without a friend, and still worse dilemma, with no money in his pocket. It would make no difference to any one who he was, but he thought, and yet at that very moment Christine Carlen, terror in her wide blue eyes, was saying to the shopman, "I never did it!"

The chance of being left penniless and without shelter had a still worse aspect when it is remembered that it was Saturday night, with Sunday coming, and Gottlieb would not receive his pension until the following Wednesday.

Up among the mountains the Sabbath meant nature-worship to Gottlieb; skies were brighter, and sunshine rippled the silver waters of cascades; the brooze played among the leaves, and all the voices of woods and air he heard only the laughter of his child Gretchen. Often at such times he took a pen and endeavored to write his thoughts of her on the day of days, when he was a boy, and his great need would not now be on paper; he remained dumb, the purple mountains raising a prayer all about him.

In the town all was different. He passed on the curb-stone irresolutely, pierced by the miserable conviction that he was weary, hungry, and cold. A carriage drew up, and a gentleman whose bearing betrayed fussy importance alighted.

"Bless my soul! I am late, actually late for a dinner party in my own house!" he exclaimed, testily, his glance falling on Gottlieb Bram.

The gentleman whose middle age was smooth, rosy, and rotund, even as that of youth, was sharp and meagre, ascended the broad steps of a house, and was met at the threshold by a thin servant.

"Have not arrived yet?" he said, rubbing his hands. "Very good. Still the fish may be spoiled, Maria." Again his preoccupied gaze fell on Gottlieb, who, victim of circumstances, advanced and begged for assistance.

Mr. Gildwell listened with a certain experienced composure. He was a person of weight in the world, wealthy and noted for being generous to many branches of charity; still he never gave at the door. A safe member of society, still, not liable to be carried away by impulse; whose very heart must be divided into sections for distinct emotions whose principles, measured by rule and compass, did not permit Gottlieb Bram to gather crumbs which fell from the table spread for his foreign attaché and Mr. Thorn the millionaire.

The thin servant still held the door open, permitting a glimpse of marble vestibule, a rim of crimson rug, the sweep of a velvet curtain, and a row of lovely children playing with a poodle.

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Half an hour later he found the bureau, having twice wandered and missed his way. The place was closed for the night. He wandered on without purpose to the corner. The bitter wind had lulled; the somber clouds, gathering in dense masses overhead, promised the first snow of the year.

Mr. Gildwell, adjusting his napkin and presiding over a table glittering with silver and gorged with flowers and light, was observing:

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He had, indeed, been a hero for a brief moment; he had fought death in the ranks and had not found it, but hope had died within him long before, when his little daughter Gretchen was swept away by the fever; a lonely, quiet man, of whom war had made a hero, and who left alive. Humble as he was, Gottlieb still cherished ambition; in summer he was a peddler back among the hills; in winter he peddled his wares in the city.

He was in the city streets, going about him blankly, without a friend, and still worse dilemma, with no money in his pocket. It would make no difference to any one who he was, but he thought, and yet at that very moment Christine Carlen, terror in her wide blue eyes, was saying to the shopman, "I never did it!"

The chance of being left penniless and without shelter had a still worse aspect when it is remembered that it was Saturday night, with Sunday coming, and Gottlieb would not receive his pension until the following Wednesday.

Up among the mountains the Sabbath meant nature-worship to Gottlieb; skies were brighter